

The Middletown Transcript.

NO. 52.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

VOL. VIII.

Business Cards.

MIDDLETOWN CLOTHING HOUSE!!

THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN.

The undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the citizens of Middletown and the surrounding country, to the fact that they have recently opened a

First-class Clothing House, And are prepared to sell at city prices. We have whole suits.....\$6.50 Overcoats.....6.00 Kersey suits.....7.00 Kersey Pants.....1.75

Also, a large stock of **BOYS' CLOTHING** on hand. Besides other Clothing at Low Prices. We also make

SUITS TO ORDER and guarantee a good fit. Give us a call at the old stand, Lockwood's Corner, before you go elsewhere.

S. E. ESTES & CO., Middletown, Del.

LUMBER AND HARDWARE.

J. B. FENIMORE & CO. Opposite the Depot, MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF **Lumber and Hardware,** BRICKS, LIME, WARE, SAWS, DOORS, BLINDS

MOULDINGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC. ETC. Constantly on hand all kinds of

Building Material. January 15-21

The Middletown Boot, Shoe and Hat Store.

A CARD. A thorough knowledge of our special line of business, gained by close study of its details, extended and frequent travels through all the principal manufacturing districts of the country, and in almost daily contact with leading manufacturers themselves, enables us to offer to this community a line of goods that for variety, style, quality, and price, cannot be surpassed. Goods sold from our stores in

SMYRNA & MILFORD have gained a reputation from St. Georges, in New Castle, to Frankford, in Sussex.

Our way of doing business and system of repairing our goods, insure our customers against any risk in buying of us. A little time will convince an enterprising public of the advantages to be gained. Call.

Respectfully,
B. M. & W. T. JOHNSON, ST. GEORGES IN SMYRNA and MILFORD

J. MEIER & BRO., MERCHANT TAILORS, S. E. Cor. Second and Arch Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

Have in Stock a full line of **Woolen, Cotton, and Vestings.**

Of the newest designs for FALL and WINTER wear, which will be made to order in the latest styles and best manner. Special attention given to Dress Suits.

SEE HERE!!

At Anderson's Drug Store, (BARR'S OLD STAND), You can get XX SWISS LINIMENT, a sure cure for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bunions, Neuralgia, Pains in the Head, Side or Joints, Sore throat, &c. Use it and suffer no longer.

AT ACTS LIKE MAGIC. Taken inwardly it cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Malaria, cramps, &c. All we ask for it is a fair trial. Sold only by ANDERSON, who keeps all the Patent Medicines of the day.

M. E. DICKSON, No. 254 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY, SOLID STERLING Silver and Plated Ware Suitable for Holiday Presents.

THOMAS MASSEY, JR., CLOCKS AND WATCH MAKER, Main Street, next door to National Hotel, Middletown, Delaware

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and promptly repaired. Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches, Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Napkins, Silver Thimbles, Silver Sugar and Tea Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Watch Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch Chains, &c.

DEVIN'S SPECTACLES, Dec. 12-17.

Middletown Directory.

CORPORATION OFFICERS.
TOWN COMMISSIONERS—E. W. Lockwood, President; J. R. Hall, Secretary; L. P. McDowell, J. H. Walker, L. G. Vandergift.
ASSESSORS—G. E. Anderson.
TREASURER—Joseph Haysen.
JURORS—Wm. Faxon, DeW. C. Walker, Constantine and Polack—Vacant.
LAMP-LIGHTERS—F. C. Schreitz.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
John A. Reynolds.

TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.
Hon John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Trust.; Samuel Penington, Secretary; James Kemely, B. Gibbs, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams. PRINCIPAL OF ACADEMY—T. S. Stevens.

OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NAT'L BANK.
DIRECTORS—Henry Clayton, B. Gibbs, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, James Culbertson, M. E. Fenimore, M. E. Walker, J. B. Fenimore, Joseph Biggs.
PRESIDENT—Henry Clayton.
CASHIER—J. R. Hall.
TELLER—John S. Crouch.

DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.
J. M. Cox, Pres.; Samuel Penington, Sec.; J. R. Hall, Treas.; R. A. Cochran, Jas. Culbertson, Jas. H. Scowdrick, Wm. H. Barr.

CHURCHES.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. John Patton, D. D. Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Lecture on Wednesdays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.
ST. ANNE'S PARISH—Rev. J. C. Matlack, D. D. Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7.30 p. m.
CATHOLIC—Rev. N. Morris, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10.30 p. m.; 3 and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1 p. m.

MASONIC.
ADAMANT CHAPTER No. 5, R. A. M. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 8 o'clock, p. m. in the Town Hall.
UNION LODGE No. 5, A. F. & M. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Masonic Hall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
DAKOTA LODGE, No. 12 Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in the Town Hall.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.
PAUL BLOOM GRASS, No. 3. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Grange Room in the Knights of Pythias Hall.

I. O. O. F.
GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Grange Room in the Knights of Pythias Hall.

BUILDING AND LOAN.
MIDDLETOWN B. & L. ASSOCIATION.—Samuel Penington, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.
MUTUAL LOAN ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.—Jas. H. Scowdrick, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

MIDDLETOWN LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.
B. W. Lockwood, Pres.; J. T. Bond, Sec.; Rooms in Transient Building. Reading-Room open every day until 10 o'clock, p. m. Library open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 3 o'clock to 5 p. m.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.
PENNA. AGRICULTURAL AND POMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Wm. F. Cochran, President; J. T. Bond, Secretary; Wm. F. Cochran, Treasurer. Annual Meeting third Saturday in January.

DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.
Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

POST OFFICE.
OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6.30 a. m. and closes at 9 p. m. every day except Sunday. Mails for the North close at 7.30 a. m. and 2.45 p. m. Mails for the South close at 10.15 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Mails for Warwick, Saxatras and Cecilton close at 10.23 a. m.

DELAWARE RAILROAD.
Passenger train going North leave at 7.45 a. m. and 3.01 p. m. going South at 10.35 a. m. and 7.55 p. m. Freight train with passenger car attached, going North, leave at 5.20 p. m.; going South, at 6.30 a. m.

STAGE LINES.
Stage for Odessa, with U. S. Mail, leaves shortly after arrival of the 10.43 a. m. and 7.55 p. m. mail trains.
Stage for Warwick, Saxatras and Cecilton leave shortly after arrival of the 10.43 a. m. train.

FURNITURE.

UNDERTAKING.

UPHOLSTERING.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of handsome and durable

Walnut and Other Furniture, which he will sell very cheap for cash. Buying at wholesale cash rates he feels assured that he can sell as low as the same goods can be bought elsewhere. By buying of him purchasers will be saved the freight on their goods from the city.

He is also prepared to attend to

Undertaking Work at short notice, and in a manner excelled by none. Persons wishing Metallic or Wood Caskets or Cases will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also, **MASSON & SONS**

Celebrated Corpse Preserver, The Corpses may be dressed in the finest fabric and not be soiled, and can be seen at all times as nothing but dry cold air enters the Casket.

GEORGE W. WILSON, Practical Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Feb. 12-13m Middletown Del.

FOR SALE Or Exchange

A VERY fine thorough-bred ALDERNEY BULL CALS, two weeks old. Dec. 12-17.

R. R. COCHRAN.

Select Poetry.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

BY A. SMITH.

The old north breeze through the skeleton trees
Is chanting the year out drearily,
But loud let it blow, for at home we know
That the dry logs crackle cheerily.
And the frozen ground is in fetters bound,
But pile up the wood, we can burn it.
For Christmas is come, and in every home
Here's happiness to all, abroad and at home,
Here's happiness to all, for Christmas is come.

And far and near o'er landscape drear,
From casements brightly streaming,
With cheerful glow on the fallen snow,
The rosy light is gleaming.
The wind may shout as it likes without,
It may bluster, but never can harm us.
For a murmur die shall resound within,
And our Christmas feelings warm us.
Here's happiness to all, abroad and at home,
Here's happiness to all, for Christmas is come.

Select Story.

THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was late in the afternoon before Christmas, a bright, frosty day, and Lucy Grafton, taking her usual brisk walk, was attracted by a little girl, who stood wistfully regarding some hot-house flowers in a florist's window.

The child was neatly, but poorly clad. Her hands were clasped, her lips half parted in admiration, her eyes riveted on a superb clod of gold rose.

"Was anything ever so beautiful?" Lucy heard her say, under her breath. "Would you like it, my dear?" asked Lucy; for though rich, beautiful, and flattered, prosperity had not spoiled her heroine; she still had a heart.

"Oh, so much!" replied the child, looking round to the speaker, and finding assurance in the soft, kind eyes. "But, it was not of myself I was thinking," she added, with a blush, "it was of my brother. He is hump-backed, you know, and sick in bed, and oh! he loves flowers so."

The earnestness of the girl brought the moisture to Lucy's eyes. "Wait, my dear," she cried; and going in, she brought the rose. "Give that to your brother as a Christmas gift," she said; "and now tell me where you live; to-morrow I'll come and see you; and perhaps," with a smile, "I'll bring more flowers."

"Oh! thank you so much." And then she told Lucy where to come; and as her heroine, with a nod and another of her sweet smiles, passed on, the child looked after her as if she had seen an angel.

Hugh Willoughby had been, unnoted, a spectator of this scene. "Who can she be?" he said to himself, watching the graceful figure going down the street. "I've been in Europe so long that I know nobody. But I'll follow the child, and ask her where she and her brother lives. I may be able to help them."

He sincerely meant to help them, but in his secret heart there lurked a hope that he might, sometime, meet this sweet almoner at the bedside of the deformed boy.

Meantime the girl hurried homeward, and bursting into the attic, where the poor invalid lay, held up her rose in exultation.

"Oh, May?" cried her brother feebly; "where did you get it?" Such a beauty. Do let me touch it?"

"It is yours, all yours, Harry. And a beautiful lady gave it to me, and said she would come to see you to-morrow." And then she told the whole story, breathless with enthusiasm.

Harry took the rose in his thin, wasted hands. "I thought it was only in heaven that such flowers could grow," he said. "Oh! maybe the beautiful lady was one of God's angels. They used to come on earth in the Bible times; and why not now? Perhaps He sent her to let me know how bright it was up there, with trees, and grass, and living waters, and no night, no pain, no hunger. Often, when my back hurts me, I wonder if God thinks it wicked, that I want to go to Him? I'll not be hump-backed in heaven—will I, mother?"

Christmas morning broke bright and beautiful. The church bells rang out their glad chiming. Happy people, in hundreds, went trooping up the street. But, Harry, in his narrow attic, was racked with pain. A great change had come over his face; it had a pinched, gray look; and his sister glanced anxiously, first at it, and then at her mother. The poor little fellow asked to have the rose, which had been put in a broken tumbler, with some water, placed beside him. "It is beginning to fade, but I don't seem to suffer so much, when I can see it," he said. And he murmured, as if to himself, "We all do fade as the leaf."

His mother was vainly struggling to keep back her tears, when there was a knock at the door, and Lucy appeared, bringing a whole handful of the loveliest hot-house flowers.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!"

cried the little sufferer, stretching out his wan, wasted hands. "And you say they are all for me," for Lucy, having first spoken to his mother, and then to his sister, had come up to his bedside.

"I never saw anything, I never believed there could be anything as pretty as these white flowers; they are so pure they make me think of the angels, the angels in their shining robes."

"They are lilies, dear." She could hardly speak steadily. "I thought you would like them."

He took them in his hands and smelt of their fragrance. "Oh! so much. I know now; angels always carried them. You are an angel, and God has sent you to bring me home to Him," he said, looking up at her, earnestly.

"Oh! my child, my child," cried the distracted mother, "don't talk so. You don't mean it. You will outlive us all." Trying to keep down her tears.

He smiled faintly, and put out his other hand. "Kiss me, mother," he said, faintly. "Don't cry."

Just then the chiming of a neighboring church began to ring. The silver sounds rose and died, and died and rose again, till the whole air quivered, as if with celestial music.

"I hear them singing—the harps of gold," his face glowed, his eyes were fixed above. "Oh! the walls, the walls all shining—"

His weak voice stopped. There was a sob. The flowers fell from his hand. The frail form sank back.

"Oh! my God, he is dying," shrieked the mother, clasping him, in wild despair, in her arms. "Will no one run for a doctor?"

Lucy was turning to go, though she saw it was hopeless, and knew not where to seek for a physician, when the door opened, and two strangers entered. One was Hugh Willoughby, who came forward, eagerly, saying,

"I heard you ask for a doctor. My friend here is one. I told you 'noddling' to the little girl, 'I was coming to see you, and we are just in time.'"

But his companion, who had already advanced to the bed, shook his head, as he gazed on the calm, still face.

"He is where no earthly physician can avail him; but happier, happier, far," he said, addressing the mother, tears in his voice, "than he was here, or any of us can tell we follow him. The Lord hath given," for this great practitioner was a devout Christian, "and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

As he spoke, the neighboring chiming, as if to confirm his words, rose in a triumphant burst, and then were hushed.

The meeting, at that bed of death, was not the last one between Hugh Willoughby and Lucy Grafton. They attended together the simple funeral, assisted afterward to advance the fortunes of the bereaved mother, and joined in sending the sister to school.

They met, too, at other similar scenes, and in time contracted a mutual affection, which ended in the happiest of marriages. Theirs was that rare thing, "a union of true souls."

One day, years after, Lucy heard, for the first time, the true explanation of her husband's visit to the dying cripple, which, up to that moment, she had always thought a chance one.

"I went there hoping to meet you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you give the rose to little May," he said, in concluding. "I thought of the holy words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

"But it was such a trifle," whispered Lucy, brokenly, with her head on his shoulder, and the tears rising to her eyes, "such a trifle."

"The Kingdom of Heaven is made up of trifles," was the low, reverent answer. "It is not always a cup of cold water, my dear: a simple flower will do as well."

How TO CREATE BUSINESS.—An old merchant, whose ample fortune was acquired by judicious advertising, says:

It is thought absurd for a man to sit and wait for trade. Micawbers in business do not, in fact, make large fortunes. "But," say some men, "I cannot leave my store to go about and stir up trade." Perhaps, indeed, he cannot, but he can send out his winged messengers—the shape of such lively advertisements will cause people to stop and talk with him before purchasing elsewhere. Advertisements are good scouts and first-rate skirmishers.

One cannot easily get away from the effect of advertising. If a man advertises that his stock is fresh and fashionable, it is difficult to believe that he has not a finer stock than those who do not so advertise. This influence of advertising affects the natural qualities of the human being, and may be safely appealed to.

Brigham Young said the other day that he would marry a thousand wives if he wanted to and he would like to see Uncle Sam even make up a face at him. The old man will get boot-jacked some day.—Detroit Free Press.

There are 24,526 idiots in America.

The Power of Kindness.

In the autumn of 1871 notices were posted in public places in Cadiz, Spain, that on a certain day the bull El Moro, a magnificent animal, would be introduced into the arena of the amphitheatre, and that when he had been gilded to the uttermost fury a young girl would appear and reduce him to quiet subjection. The girl who was to set this daring part was a peasant girl who had fed and petted the bull during the years of its growth. On the appointed day the vast amphitheatre was packed with an eager crowd, when, with a terrific roar, El Moro entered the arena, with eyes of fire and dilating nostrils. The picadors attacked him warily, and harled their banderillas—small javelins intended to infuriate. When the creature had killed three horses and received eight banderillas in his neck and shoulders, the signal was given, and he was left alone in his paroxysm of wrath.

Presently a soft, musical note was heard, and a pretty girl, not more than fifteen years of age, in the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling his name—"Moro, Moro! Ya voy!"

At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal ceased his fury, and turned toward the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead, and while she sang, the suffering monarch knelt at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel banderillas, after which, with her arm around El Moro's neck, she led him toward the gate. This was beautifully shown the power of kindness.

The Richest Man in the World.

Ten years ago John Mackey was a mining laborer in Virginia City at four dollars a day. To-day he has a larger income than any other single individual in America, and if his wealth continues as it has for the last two years, his fortune will rival that of the richest Rothschild. He owns three-fifths of the mining properties of Flood, O'Brien, Mackey and Fair. The firm owns 68,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia stock, on which they declare a monthly dividend of ten dollars a share. Mackey's share of this is \$36,000 a month. Of stock in the California mine they own 60,000 shares. The first monthly dividend of ten dollars is to be declared in November, and this will add to Mr. Mackey's income \$360,000 a month. The other mines that the firm control pay no dividends, but they yield a large revenue to the firm in ways more indirect. For instance, the firm own all the wood used in their working, both for fuel and for timbering, and they sell it to the companies at an immense profit. The Savage, Hale and Norcross, and Gould and Curry, all crush more or less ore, and this is done in the firm's mills at a cost of thirteen dollars a ton. The yield of silver being scarcely enough to pay the cost of both mining and crushing, assessments are levied to make up the deficiency. The firm's income from this source and from crushing the ore of the Consolidated Virginia, which is also done in their own mills, is estimated at \$50,000 a month, of which Mr. Mackey down for \$30,000. The whole of his income from all sources is estimated at \$331,000 a month, or nearly \$10,000,000 a year. He is the most modest and retiring of all the California millionaires.

Dancing Going Out.—

London seems to have got tired of dancing. When the Shah was here no remark he made was more relished than his question to the Prince of Wales while the dancing was going on, "Why do you not employ servants to do this for you?" The perspiring general could hardly explain, but society generally seems inclined to relegate dancing to the corps de ballet.

This has been especially the case this season, when the new fashionable skirts have gone to the extreme from the liberation of the ballet. A lady was recently heard to say, with a sigh, "What with being tied around below, I haven't had a good square sit down for three months." When a large ball is given there is an apology for dancing, a few mincing steps are taken, but presently the company falls to admiring each other's dresses, and it all ends in music and talk. Dancing bids fair to become a "survival," as the antiquarians say. M. D. Conway, in Cincinnati Com.

Learn a Trade.—

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted, I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work;—for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job work, and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a rock on which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench; or, if you please, to the farm—for to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that, branch off into whatever profession you please.—Horace Greeley.

Taking Toll.

A gentleman of an autobiographic turn relates how he was instructed in the custom of taking toll, by a sprightly widow, during a moonlight sleigh-ride with a merry party. He says: "The lively widow L. sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo-robe, with me. 'Oh! oh! don't, don't!'" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight. "Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied the widow. "Toll?" I rejoined. "What's that?" "Well, I declare!" cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!" "Indeed I don't, then," I said, laughing; "explain, if you please." "You never heard then," said the widow, most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always,—that is, sometimes,—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it." I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in my experience. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the widow said it was of no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you?" she said, so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues; and that was the beginning of my courtship.—From "Literature of Kissing," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Men who can be Spared.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.—A young man had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power; but had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often, in his walks, a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; and, in turn, would be in vain urge his friend to take the social glass. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him; and, as they walked up to the bar together, the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?" "Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused, and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now if I drink this glass, and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass! Even in his madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another becoming a drunkard.

NO TIME TO READ.—We have often encountered many who profess they have no time to read. Now we think of it, there always have been men of such characters, the point of which are easily summed up. Nine times out of ten they are men who have not found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon their families or themselves. They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tipping and swapping horses, but they "have no time to read." They sometimes lose a day asking advice of their neighbors; sometimes a day in picking up the news, the prices current, and the exchange, but these men always "have no time to read." They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to—do nothing, but "no time to read." Such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms, unhappy families. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live unknown and unloved, and often die unwept and unregretted.

Now—Now!—

A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean. Over the ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel this moment floats. From the stern we look backwards and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how soon every trace disappears. We see also some landmarks further off; and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond that the ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still further back, out of sight, stretches the vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it hath no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word—now! The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present; it is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—now!

If there is anything that will bring tears to the eyes of an Indian tobacco sign it is to witness a young lady undergoing the trying ordeal of endeavoring to bring a fallen clothes-line, full of clothes, to a realization of its solemn duty.

Two Boys were apprentices in a carpenter shop.

One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books to help him understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a "good time." "Come," he often said to his shop-mate, "leave your books; go with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," was the boy's reply, "I shall lose what I can never make up."

While the two boys were still apprentices, an offer of \$2,000 appeared in the newspapers, for the best plan of a State House, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The student boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to win the prize; but he thought there was nothing like trying.

In about a week afterward a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop and asked if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the architect, "but I have an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman. The young lad was summoned, and informed that his plan was accepted, and that the \$2,000 were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building, and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects of the country. He made a fortune, and stands

EDWARD REYNOLDS, Editor.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1876.

THE PRESENT is the time to look back over the past and, calling to mind its errors and misdeeds, determine to take warning from its lessons and do better in the future. Now is the season for "turning over new leaves," and let us see to it that, if life is spared us, the new page shall bear a better record than did the old.

THE CHURCH are said to have a custom of placing, at the close of the year, a wreath of evergreens and flowers over the door of the man who, at that time, can "well and truly" say, "I owe no man anything." We much fear that should such a custom be inaugurated here there would not be many wreaths used. The abominable and ruinous system of credit which prevails to such a fearful extent among our people, operating as it does like the typical row of bricks, would prevent many who might otherwise obtain the wreath from being able to do so. Among the resolves for the New Year's conduct we would kindly suggest that there can no more profitable one be made than a firm determination to pay as you go.

IT IS HEARTILY SHUNNING to see Republican papers pretending to believe that they do not think that the Democrats have a shadow of chance for success at the next Presidential election, while at the same time they publish long-winded editorials to try to show why the people should vote the Republican ticket. Now if they are so very sure of their own success what are they making so much fuss about it for? It looks as if, for men who are so very certain of winning, they show a great deal of uneasiness. They don't "believe there is the least likelihood of the success of the Democrats in the next contest;" yet they go to a tremendous amount of trouble to try to prevent them from succeeding, and to say all they can against Senator Bayard who they think is "the last man who could be elected!" Oh, consistency!

THE TRANSCRIPT.—With the present number we close another volume of the Transcript. Eight years have passed away since its first establishment and despite the dismal forebodings of croakers who, imagining they could see the end from the beginning, foretold that the enterprise would be a failure because Middletown and vicinity could not support a paper, it has lived and continued to thrive and shows no near signs of failure to-day than it did at the end of its first year, but on the contrary we believe it stands on a firmer basis to-day than at any previous period of its existence. He knows but little of the spirit of our people who thinks that they will turn their backs upon a public undertaking whose object, and end, is so plainly the general welfare.

For the good done by the paper in the past we leave others to speak; for its influence, we refer to objects accomplished through its labors, the public being judges.

For the past we thank our friends and patrons for their aid and encouragement, for the future we ask a continuation of them. If the paper has been the instrument of accomplishing any good, or giving pleasure, the result is our reward, and we are thus far gratified. If on the other hand we have unwittingly done harm or given offense wrongly we can but express our regret and promise in the future to be more careful. But if the offense came in the performance of a known duty we can not promise that it will not be repeated. If, possible, we desire to offend none, but cannot undertake to please all at the sacrifice of a conscientious regard for right and duty.

Learning from experience, we shall endeavor to make our paper more and more conducive to the interests of our people as it grows older. With this end in view we have given, and will continue to give, the strictest attention to the Local Department, believing that that most interests our readers, still at the same time we will not neglect the weightier matters of the general public, but will give, from week to week, for the sake of those whose means and facilities deny them the daily papers, a summary of the most important events occurring in the land.

Gratefully acknowledging past favors and promising thus much for the future we solicit a continuance of the public patronage.

Christmas.

THE CELEBRATION of the festival of Christmas as the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of mankind is almost as ancient in its usage as the Christian era itself. Its origin is attributed to Telesphorus a Roman pontiff who died in the year (A. D.) 138. At first it was movable like Easter, and was often confounded with the Epiphany, and celebrated by the eastern churches in the months of April and May, but as early as the 4th century Pope Julius caused a thorough investigation to be made concerning the day of the nativity of Christ, and as a result of this inquiry the 25th of December was fixed upon as the date at which the all-important event occurred, and has continued to be observed as such ever since. The chief grounds for the

decision were the data found upon the tablets of the Roman calendar, from which it appeared that the events recorded in the sacred text as having transpired at the time of the birth of Christ—namely took place at about the 25th of December, and although the identification of the day was not recognized as entirely authentic, yet the Christian world accepted the decision and have ever since celebrated it as the anniversary of the greatest event that has ever occurred in the history of mankind.

The change made in the computation of time, or calendar, by order of Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, to correct the errors of the Julian Period, whereby twelve days were deducted from the calendar, and all chronological dates placed that far back, gave rise to what is known, and used to be printed in the old almanacs, as the "Old" and the "New Style." Hence, what is termed "Old Christmas," the day on which the festival fell before the change. This change in the calendar was not generally accepted by the various nations for many years, and was not introduced into England, and of course America, until the year 1752, so that up to that time "Old Christmas" continued to be the great festival of those countries.

The season of Christmas has always been regarded throughout all Christendom, as a time for great rejoicing and merry-making, and though its celebration is somewhat varied in its minor phases in different countries, yet in the main its festivities are greatly similar whenever Christianity holds sway.

The Christmas tree had its origin in the Protestant districts of north Germany. On the night before Christmas a large yule bough was placed upright in the parlor and decorated with all kinds of toys, sweetmeats, nuts, &c. Each of these was marked with the name of the person for whom it was intended, and the members of the family being gathered into the room the presents were distributed as designated. To Germany, also, is attributed the introduction of Kris Kringle into the Christmas sports. Among some of the smaller villages a custom was early instituted of designating some one person to whom all presents intended for children should be sent. On Christmas Eve this individual, disguised in a tremendous wig, white cloak and mask, went from house to house, distributing the gifts to children according to the character for good behavior elicited from the parents after the severest inquiries.

But it was in old England, Merry England—that Christmas reigned in all its glory. It was the season for the most unlimited reveling and merry-making, for all classes, high and low, rich and poor, alike. The "lord of the manor" forgot his austerity, the tenants were summoned to the hall and every art and device conducive to pleasure and mirth were encouraged and adopted. The larder was stocked to overflowing with poultry, venison, beef, mutton, plum puddings, pies, nuts, and all delicacies of the culinary art of the time was cognizant, to tempt the appetite. A huge fire, made of great logs, among which was the immense yule, or Christmas, log, blazed upon the hearth, and amid feasting, and ale drinking, the time was spent in the most uproarious mirth, dancing, singing, story telling, jokes and games, to which the generous punch bowl greatly contributed.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung; on Christmas eve the mass was sung; that only night, in all the year, saw the stolen prize the chalice rear. Then opened wide the barn's door, To yassal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And ceased to frown his happy night. The heir with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose. All hailed, with uncontrolled delight And general voice, the happy night. That to the cottage, as to the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down. England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas broad'd the mightiest ale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft our choice. A poor man's heart through half the year.

Nor need these "good old English customs" be reckoned as belonging wholly to the past. It is true the festivities have lost their boisterous character and many of the rude sports have been done away. Yet there still remain many customs to remind us of the time when "England was merry England." We not that some of our readers can remember a "Christmas spent in England" when "family reunions and evergreen trimmings" were not all that was left to remind them of the ancient sports, but when the generous landlord poured forth the sparkling champagne and golden egg-nog in liberal abundance; when high and low, rich and poor, mingled in happy equality, and when dancing, singing and merry-making ruled the hour.

The common custom of decking the churches and houses at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient Druid practices.

It was an old English superstition that on Christmas eve the cattle knelt in their stables as in devotion, and many superstitious people still think that they do so now on the eve of Old Christmas, they not having adopted the New Style.

A HANDSOME CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—Peter Herdic, Esq., of Williamsport, Pa., has just finished building a large and handsome church, and furnished it in the most elegant manner, with organ and all other matters complete, ready for worship, at a cost of \$16,000. This church, with all its furniture, &c., he proposes to formally present to the Protestant Episcopal Church of Williamsport, on Christmas day, clear of all encumbrances. A princely present.

SCHENKER FOR JANUARY.—New York in the Revolution is the leading illustration in Schenker for January, and will probably surprise all but genuine old Knickerbockers, about its bringing to light a number of Revolutionary scenes and localities, about which little or nothing is popularly known. Mr. Schenker's story of "Cupid and Mars," on the other hand, gives a good idea of life in Boston during the siege, and of Christmas a hundred years ago. The first installment of a series of Revolutionary letters appears in this number; and there is a glimpse of General Washington by hearsay—in the opening installment of Edward Everett Hale's serial story of "Philip Nolan's Friends, or Show your Passports!" This story is to run through the year, and is an historical romance of the Mississippi Valley. There is something about Christmas in the New York article, as well as in Mr. Schenker's story, and we have besides, a poem entitled "The King's Christmas," with illustrations. Mr. Clarence Cook's illustrated papers on house-furnishing are resumed in this number, and Mr. John Burroughs has a paper on "House-Building," with plans, etc. The poets are Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, E. C. Stedman, Constantia E. Brooks, Celis Thaxter, H. H. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, and R. H. Stoddard. The titles of other contributions are: "Hooks and Eyes," "Pictures of the French Renaissance," "Elementary Education in England and Wales," "Norwegian Traits," and "Childhood's Fancies," the latter by Col. Higginson. One of the greatest features of the issue, however, is Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy," of which there are five chapters, crowded with interest. Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Time," discusses "The Centennial," "The 'Great Man,'" "The 'Pious of the Old,'" "Care for Gossip," "The Old Cabinet," "Something in Favor of the Sentimentalist," "Criticism," etc. The Brie-a-brac department is principally given up to the makers of humorous verse.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE makes a strong bid for popularity during the coming year by beginning in the January number a series of papers entitled "The Century, its Fruits and its Festivals," and designed, as the name indicates, as a record of the Centennial Exhibition while in progress, giving a spirited sketch of the general advance in the past one hundred years and the chief inventions and improvements that have revolutionized society. After the first the series will be continued by the third installment of Mr. Brown's "Up the Thames" furnishes very pleasant reading. Another illustrated article transports us to India, and deals in a somewhat novel manner with its religious systems and ideas. Three other articles in the number call for special notice: "The House on the Beach," which is a graphic account of the signal service and the benefits it confers; an anecdotal paper on coal life in France, under the title of "Gentlemen and Gentlemen"; and a letter from Portugal, giving a vivid but appalling picture of destitution and demoralization that prevail among the masses of the people. The variety of the contents is well maintained by an entertaining article on "Old Plantation Life in South Carolina," by Robert Wilson; the continuation of "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," and a story "Lady Arthur Elton's Dying Letter," a fine poem by Mrs. M. M. M. and a letter from France, under the title of "Gentlemen and Gentlemen"; and a letter from Portugal, giving a vivid but appalling picture of destitution and demoralization that prevail among the masses of the people. 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The Middletown Transcript

IN PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

Edward Reynolds.

TERMS—\$2.00 a year in advance.

No paper discontinued until so ordered, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements of less than one inch in space will be inserted at the rate of ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

Rates for one inch and over, as follows:

Space.	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch.	\$ 75	\$ 1.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
2 "	1.25	2.50	4.50	7.50	12.00
3 "	1.75	3.50	6.00	9.00	15.00
4 "	2.25	4.50	8.00	12.00	20.00
5 "	2.75	5.50	9.50	14.00	22.00
6 "	3.25	6.50	11.00	16.00	25.00
7 "	3.75	7.50	12.50	18.00	28.00
8 "	4.25	8.50	14.00	20.00	30.00
9 "	4.75	9.50	15.50	22.00	32.00
10 "	5.25	10.50	17.00	24.00	35.00

Business Locals and Special Notices 10 cents a line for each insertion. Obituaries charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line of right words. Marriages and deaths inserted free.

TERMS: Cash in advance, invariably.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1875.

Local and State Affairs.

Items of Local Interest.

To-day being a legal holiday the banks and many other business places will be closed.

Mr. T. C. Murphy and Miss Lydia T. Murphy are rapidly recovering from the injuries sustained by them by their recent accident.

A meeting of the stockholders of the P. & A. Association is called for January 15th, at the office of the Secretary.

Ice gathering followed the cold weather of the early part of the week, and several of our citizens don't care whether it freezes again or not.

The P. W. & B. R. Co. has declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. out of the net earnings of the road; payable on and after January 3d.

James Doran, while aiding in carrying a log, at the Harlan & Hollingsworth works last Saturday, slipped, and the log rolled on him and broke his leg.

James M. Johns, of New Castle, has received an appointment under Col. Fitzgibbon, the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Divine services, appropriate to the day, will be held in St. Anne's P. R. Church, this morning. The church, by customary, has been tastefully trimmed.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Mutual Loan Association of this town on Tuesday evening funds sold from 75 cts. to \$1.11 per share premium.

The "week of prayer" will commence on Monday, January 3d. It will be observed in this town by alternate services in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

L. V. Aspell and Charles B. Lore, Esqs., executors named in the will, have taken out Letters Testamentary under the will of John Atherley, late of Odessa, deceased.

Wm. Bright's new hotel at Rehoboth is being pushed rapidly toward completion. The old gentlemen visited it last week and had a bag hoisted over it on a pole.

Howard L. Gay, of Brandywine Hundred, was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun while duck shooting last Thursday week. He died on Friday evening.

G. W. Orloff, formerly of Middletown, now of Wilmington, expects to move to Philadelphia in the spring, where he will take charge of a large hotel on Broad street, at a rent of \$6000 per annum.

Whether peach growing pays anything or not, it is a noticeable fact that there are many more peach trees than the farmers of this county who do not grow peaches than there are among those who do.

Monday was decidedly the coldest day of the season thus far. The mercury stood at 10 degrees above zero at 8 o'clock that morning, and by some, it is asserted that it marked 8 above, earlier in the morning.

The Wilmington Republican, last Saturday, said the State Grange met in the hall of the Milford Grange at Middletown. The Milford Grangers will be surprised to learn that their hall had been removed to Middletown.

A lamp explosion caused by an attempt by a young woman to extinguish it by blowing down the chimney, took place in the house of Calvin Marshall, of Mill Creek Hundred, last Saturday evening. But little damage was done.

Adams & Bro., of Wilmington, are generous. A few days ago they donated a quantity of toys for the benefit of poor children of the city, and now they have given baskets of shoes to the Ladies' Relief and Benevolent Society.

If the Rev. Geo. W. Kennedy has assumed pastoral oversight of the Presbyterian Church of this town, as the Gazette states last week, we do not believe that either he or Dr. Patton, the pastor of the aforesaid church, knows anything about it.

A little son of Geo. T. Robinson, of Wilmington, came near hanging himself, one day last week, while imitating the gymnastic feats of Gookin & Fisher on a rope. His rope slipped, and caught around his neck and nearly choked him to death.

Each Meeting.

All those who made the peach shipment by the American Steamship line to Liverpool are requested to come or send persons to represent them at a meeting to be held in the office of J. Thos. Budd, Middletown, on Friday, the 31st inst., at 1 p. m. An attorney will be present to take notes with a view to preparing the case to go before Court. It also would be well for other peach shippers who have grievances against Isaac Hinkley for not carrying out his promise to promote their other companies north and west as he did with the Penna. Central and Baltimore & Ohio railroads, to attend said meeting. There are many, too, who complain of car hire grievances. Let them all attend said meeting and stand up for freighters' rights.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND, Chairman of Com. on Transportation.

A Confidante Woman.

Bridget Meachas is the name of a woman who recently played the confidence game in Wilmington. Her modus operandi was somewhat thus: She would go to a boarding house, engage board and put up for a day or two. She would then suddenly change her residence, but always forgo to pay her bill, and the housekeeper generally found that the number of their silver spoons, forks, &c., was somewhat diminished after her departure. On Monday evening police officer Richards traced her to Shawtown, near New Castle, in the house of Wm. Braden and placed her under arrest. At her earnest request he permitted her to go up stairs to change her clothes, but instead of doing so she tried to escape by jumping out of the second story window 25 feet high. Unfortunately for herself she alighted on the pickets of a fence and so hurt herself that she has been lying in the jail, whilst she was taken, ever since in a very precarious condition, and the attendant physician thinks she may not recover from the effect of her injuries. Her trunk was taken to police headquarters and examined, and several silk dresses, a quantity of silver spoons, forks, &c., with the owners' initials on them, were found in it.

Middletown and Vicinity Items.

BY OUR LOCAL REPORTER.

Work has been resumed on the new town hall in Odessa for the purpose of erecting a street light between two men.

The annual election for nine directors will be held in the Citizens' National Bank of Middletown on January 11th, 1876, and in the New Castle County National Bank of Odessa on January 6th.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of St. Georges and Appomattox Hundred, will be held in Odessa on January 3d, next, at which time certificates of indebtedness are to be surrendered, and other business transacted.

Price's Orchestra has been engaged to play for a ball in the Smyrna town hall on the 28th of March, and for the play of "Cinderella on the Hearth," in the same place, on the 30th inst. For these occasions, new and very fine music has been re-arranged by the leader.

Messrs. Wm. L. Bucke & Son have moved into their new building near the railroad, and are now making new additions to their machinery. With the exception of paint, the building is completed, and is another indication of Middletown's prosperity and the enterprise of her citizens we are glad to note.

The Dover band is not disposed to believe that those gentlemen from Middletown who played against them in the Seaford band at Bridgeville, last fall, had been members of the last named band but a few days previous to the contest. In a letter written to a musical journal, the Dover band puts our young men in a false position, which is unbecomingly correct.

A great many persons have considered the large Refrigerator in Middletown of no benefit to the owners during the winter. But it is Messrs. Riker & Co.'s superintendent, Mr. Latell, is turning it into a grist mill, the machinery for that purpose having arrived this week, and is now being put in position. It is expected that the mill will be in operation by the latter part of next week.

A joke was perpetrated on a party of six from Middletown last Sunday, and I consider it worth writing up. On Saturday night a turkey was raffled for at the Middletown hotel, and was won by its former owners, who immediately agreed to have it for dinner next day, and gave it to a gentleman residing in Middle Neck, Md., to have it nicely roasted. On Sunday morning teams were got ready, those not fortunate enough to own one having hired it, and the party started for Middle Neck, in fond expectancy of something unusual in the way of entertainment. Wines had been previously purchased by the party, and they decided that the affair should pass off in the grandest style. But it did not! When they reached the residence of their expected host at 12 o'clock, they learned that he had not reached home, and that nothing was known or heard of the turkey. With lowering faces and empty stomachs they drove back to Middletown, where, in a short time after their arrival, the joke leaked out. Some of their friends had been in preparation a drama entitled: "Trouble near Sandy Beach; or, The Mysterious Turkey," which they produced last night to a large audience. The following is selected from the play: "If you like rice, it is not necessary to have a person go with you to get it, but take a lady and a horse, or go with Maxwell!"

Prof. E. D. Porter, of Newark, was awarded the premium offered by the Board of Managers of the P. & A. for the highest number of premiums taken by a gentleman exhibitor at the late Fair, and Mrs. S. S. Hayes received the one awarded to the lady exhibitor taking the highest number.

Some candidate for New Castle jail attempted to enter the store of Chas. Tatman, on Thursday night by boring a panel out of the back door, but as he (or they) quit without accomplishing his purpose it is thought that he was scared off by the barking of Mr. T's little dog in the store. A bright lookout will have to be kept up by merchants and others who are supposed to have anything worth breaking into a house for, as the season for robberies is at hand. A little dog kept in the house as good a policeman, generally, as any one need want.

The Attempted R. R. Murder—Arrest of the Guilty Parties.

About two weeks ago an attempt was made, by the use of cross-ties and railroad iron, to throw the crossing passenger train from the track of the Delaware Railroad at a point between Middletown and Armstrong Stations. The attempt, however, was a failure, as the engineer discovered the obstructions and reversed his engine in time to prevent what otherwise might have proved a serious calamity. Since that time the R. R. officials have been on the alert to discover and bring to justice the perpetrators of the rashly done offer of a reward of \$200 was an additional stimulus to the search and on Monday last William Fox and John Dildy induced a negro named Glaves on whom their suspicions rested, to acknowledge that he was one of a party of negroes who walked up the railroad about the time of the accident, and to give the names of his companions. These were Peter Thomas and Eugene Gooseberry, sons of Peter Thos. Gooseberry. Warrants were issued for each of the four negroes. The four negroes arrested, then turned State's evidence and testified that the Gooseberry boys played the obstructions upon the track, but declared that he himself and another negro named Charley Morris who was with them, had nothing to do with the matter. The magistrate held each of the prisoners in \$1000 bail for their appearance at court which they were of course unable to give and all four were sent to New Castle to the care of Sheriff Lambson.

Maryland Affairs.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.—John Hopkins of Cambridge, Md., accidentally shot himself with a revolver, last week. He had been examining it and was carefully placing it in his back pocket when the pistol was discharged, the ball passing down the fleshy part of the hip and burying itself in the large muscles. The doctors were unable to find the ball.

NEWSPAPER SUNDAY.—John T. Hand announces the discontinuance of the publication of the Odessa, a Republican paper at Centerville, Md. It was suspended a couple of months ago, but was resumed again. The type, presses, and fixtures are offered for sale.

Mr. William Hepburn has sold his farm at Lynch's station, Kent county, containing 107 acres, to Mr. Thomas J. Willis, of Baltimore, for \$6,500.

The supervisors of Orange county, N. Y., who fed 15,000 tramps last year, have enacted a law for the erection of temporary work houses and all tramps caught begging hereafter will be put to hard labor, six days for each offense.

At this season of the year, when so many of our people are suffering from colds, we call attention to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds, but all affections of the lungs and throat. Having used it in our family for many years, we can speak from personal knowledge of its efficacy. There may be other remedies that are good, but in all our experience this has proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant to take, and should be kept at command, by every family, as a protection against a class of complaints which seem harmless in the beginning, but become afflicting and dangerous if neglected.—New Haven Register.

Remember This.

Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Diseases. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine go to your Druggist, Dr. Chamberlain, Middletown, Del., or H. P. Baker, Odessa, Del., and for the sake of your family, success among their customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a sample bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for 10 cents and try it. Regular size for 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents.

Positively the Best.

Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound is the very best compound ever prepared, advertised or sold by any person or under any name whatever—for the immediate relief and permanent cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the consumptive type. It will thoroughly eradicate these alarming symptoms in only half the time required to do so by any other medicine. It is purely vegetable and contains not a particle of opium or other dangerous drug. Physicians all over the country endorse it as the most efficacious antidote known for all disorders of the throat and lungs. It never fails. Every bottle guaranteed to perform exactly as represented. Be sure to obtain Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound. Sold at C. Anderson's Drug Store, Middletown.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Are you suffering with Consumption, Coughs, Severe Colds settled on the Breast, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs? If so, go to your druggist, Chamberlain, Middletown, or H. P. Baker, Odessa, and get a bottle of Dr. Morris' Cherry Pectoral. This medicine has lately been introduced from Germany and is selling on its own merits. The people are going wild over its success, and druggists all over our country are writing us in wonderful terms about their customers. If a sample will try its superior virtue, get a Sample for 10 cents. Large size bottle, 75 cts. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it.

Business Locals.

CARRIAGES.

NOW is the time to purchase a cheap Carriage, as we will sell off our ready-made stock at cost to make room for Spring work. These terms good until Feb. 1st, 1876. J. M. CUK & BRO.

Rumford's Yeast Powder the best in the market, for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

Robber Boots and Shoes repaired at the BOOT, SHOE AND HAT STORE. A lot of Men's Cell Boots, Congress and Button-Gaiters coming through next week—hand-made and cheap.

J. MOODY BOWEN, having procured a reliable and thrasher, is prepared to do threshing at short notice.

RICE has Christmas goods at wholesale and retail.

The extra quality of goods sold at the BOOT, SHOE AND HAT STORE, is already being realized. We have almost daily reports favorably contrasting them in wearing and fitting with the ordinary sale goods bought in an open market.

We look for the best article at the lowest figures, and insure it against fire, bursts, etc. Purchase here, save money, and get a pleasant fit.

Call at RICE'S for all kinds of Christmas Goods.

The best Mince Meat for 13 cents, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

Whitman's finest Confections at RICE'S.

Raisins, Prunes, Citrus, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, new and fresh, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

Fine Dolls and Doll Heads at RICE'S.

Peterson's best Buckwheat; Turk's Island, Ashton, Ground Alum and Rock Salt in store and for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Express Wagons and Coaches, at RICE'S.

Chamois skins for cleaning windows and carriages 25, 35, 50, and 40 cents at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE.

Fine Larc Vases and Jewel Caskets at RICE'S.

Calicoes of the latest style, 5, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yard, at G. W. W. NAUDAIN'S.

All kinds of Toys at RICE'S.

For cheap Boots and Shoes, go to G. W. W. NAUDAIN'S.

Visiting cards, extra fine, and of the most fashionable style, can be had, beautifully printed, for seventy-five cents per package of fifty cards, at the TRANSCRIPT OFFICE.

A splendid Three Button Kid Glove for 50 cents, at G. W. W. NAUDAIN'S.

The finest Christmas presents at RICE'S.

Ladies go to G. W. W. NAUDAIN'S for Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, prices from 10 to 50 cents per yard.

1,500 yards Hamburg Edgings, at W. H. MOORE & CO.'S, very cheap.

I have a nice assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, Black Plumb and Seal Brown Cashmere, Camel Hair Cloth, French Contone, Costume Mixtures, Lustrous Twill, which I am selling very low for cash.

G. W. W. NAUDAIN.

Flannels and Muslin, I am selling very low with large assortment of Men's Under Clothing. G. W. W. NAUDAIN.

If you want a pair of good Shop-Made Boots, go to W. H. MOORE & CO.'S. Every pair warranted.

A very handsome line of Shawls, at W. H. MOORE & CO.'S.

The best yard wide 12 1/2 cents Bleached Muslin, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

French and American Cloths and Cassimeres for Gents' and Boys' Suits, very low at G. W. W. NAUDAIN'S.

An entirely new and fine assortment of Toilet and Parfumeries at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE (Bar's old stand).

A nice stock of French and English perfume—Jasmine, Heliotrope, White Rose, Jockey Club, &c., at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE.

An elegant Two-Button Kid Glove for 50 cents cash, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

All sizes window glass at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE (Bar's old stand).

Granulated Sugar 12 cents, 11 cts, and 10 cts, cash, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

Bill Heads, Shipping Tags, &c., can be had at the TRANSCRIPT OFFICE, at very low rates.

No. 1, 2, and 3 Mackerel in barrels, half barrels, and quarters; New Split Labrador Herring in barrels and half barrels, just received and for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

A choice Rio Coffee, green, 25 cents, roasted 30 cents, cash, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

Ladies in need of a nice Silk Dress, call at S. M. REYNOLDS' and look at those Guinet Black Silks at \$1.50 and \$1.75 per yard, just received direct from the importers.

Ladies call at S. M. REYNOLDS' and look at the new assortment of Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, in all widths and prices from 10 cents and upwards.

Reviews of all sizes, and letter heads with business cards furnished, very cheap at the TRANSCRIPT OFFICE.

Clark's best Spool Cotton, 6 cents per Spool or 70 cents per dozen Cuts, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

Ladies and Gents newest style Windsor Ties and Scarfs in all shades and widths from 20 cents to \$1.00, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

A full line of heavy Merino Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

The best 12 1/2 cent Hose in the market, for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

1000 yards of the best Calico, selling off at 4 1/2, 7, 8 and 9 cents, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses, Choice Sugar Leaf Drips and Sugar House Syrups, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

A good Black Tea for 50 cents, at S. M. REYNOLDS.

SALT.

Liverpool Ground Alum, \$1.35 per Sack.

Turks' Island, 40 cts. per bushel.

AT ELIASON BROS'.

Special Notices.

IT IS UNLAWFUL to attempt to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure. Dyspepsia, complaints of the liver and kidneys, eruptions of the skin, eczema, headaches, and all diseases arising from impure blood, are at once removed by Dr. Walker's California Vinous Bitters, the great and infallible purifier of the blood, and renovator of the system. It has never been known to fail, provided the patient had not delayed using it until the vitality of his system was too far gone.

1876. \$1,200 1876.

IN PREMIUMS

TO BE GIVEN FOR NOVELTIES

FOR THE

BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN.

On three occasions, several years ago, the proprietors of The Baltimore Weekly Sun offered prizes amounting, respectively, first to \$300, second \$400 and third \$500 for a standard article of fiction, to be submitted in competition, the merits of which were decided by a critical committee, and the several prizes awarded accordingly. These propositions resulted in some very excellent additions to literary fiction, which were received with avidity by the many thousands of readers of The Baltimore Weekly Sun, and which were extensively copied by the press throughout the country.

The proprietors now propose a similar measure, but on a much larger scale. They offer six prizes, amounting to

TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

for the best six original stories, on condition, stated below, to be furnished on or before March 1, 1876. The prizes will be distributed as follows:

For the best story, \$500

For the second, 275

For the third, 200

For the fourth, 100

For the fifth, 75

For the sixth, 50

CONDITIONS.

The following conditions must be observed by competitors, and we request the careful observance by all who enter this literary tournament.

1. All the stories are to be American in their scenes, subjects and character, in whole or in part; that is to say, the basis of the story must be American, but this condition does not preclude such incidental diversion from American scenes, subjects and character as may be necessary to interesting development of the story.

2. The stories must not contain sentiments of a political, sectional or national nature, it being especially required that allusions to the late sectional war be avoided, and that there must be of such a tone as befits the character of such an extensively circulated Family Journal as is The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

3. The stories are to be in competition for the prizes will become the property of the proprietors of The Baltimore Weekly Sun after an award of the prizes has been made—this condition including all the unsuccessful as well as the six successful stories.

4. That the award may be made solely upon the merits of the contributions, and independent of all the influence connected with name and position, the writer must withhold his or her name from the story itself, and enclose it, with the title of the story, in a sealed note addressed to the publishers, either by mail or inclosed in the MS.

5. The MS. stories marked "prize story," to be addressed to A. S. Abell & Co., publishers Baltimore Weekly Sun, Baltimore, Md., who will hand them over to the Committee of Decision, and with the name of the author until the award is made.

6. All the stories to be submitted to a Committee of Decision selected by the proprietors of The Baltimore Weekly Sun, with a view to their literary experience, taste and judgment, whose award shall be final.

7. The MS. to be sent—no proof—no title paper—and on one side of it only.

8. All the packages and letters to be prepaid in full, or they will not be taken from the post-office.

The above offer of prizes is made to the whole people—to those who have already won a name in literary annals and to those who have not. We have merely to add that immediately after the committee announce their decision the money will be paid to the successful competitors, and the publication of the stories commenced immediately.

The opportunity is one which talent may make use of or great popularity and only through the immense circulation of the Baltimore Weekly Sun itself—which is distributed throughout all the States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast—but the publicity thus given to the names and talents of good writers will be further diffused through the influence of the local and impartial press of the country with whom we exchange. In this respect our offer addresses itself most favorably to the writers of the whole country.

A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers, Sun Room Building, Baltimore, Md., Baltimore, Dec. 11, 1875.

FOR RENT ON MAIN ST.

A STORE with Dwelling attached, containing six Rooms and Cellar. Also, a Dwelling containing Eight Rooms and Cellar. Inquire of

Mrs. C. T. SMITH, Main St., Middletown.

FOOTZ' HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

For Sale in Middletown

—AT—

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Nov 27-75

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PRINTING!

We respectfully call the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to the new and

INCREASED FACILITIES

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TRANSCRIPT OFFICE

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Having recently erected a new and commodious office and added a large amount of

NEW TYPE, PRESSES,

And other material to our stock, we are fully prepared to do

Every Variety of Printing,

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OUR NEW CAMPBELL

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